

NO. 12  
APR.  
CDC

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all new

TEEN-  
AGE

PEBBLES

**AND BAMB-BAMB**

a Hanna-Barbera Production

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

MAYBE WE'D BETTER  
QUIT PLAYING 'FETCH'  
WITH SNOOTS!

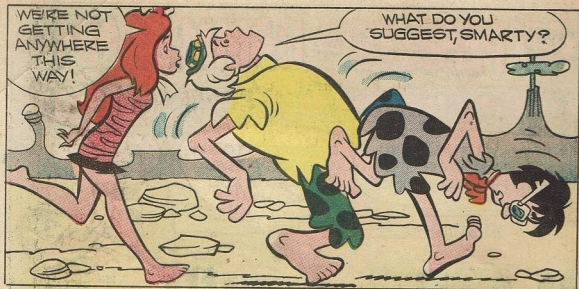


# TEEN-AGE PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN THE FOUR-FOOTED FLYING FISH

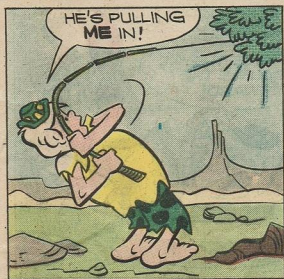
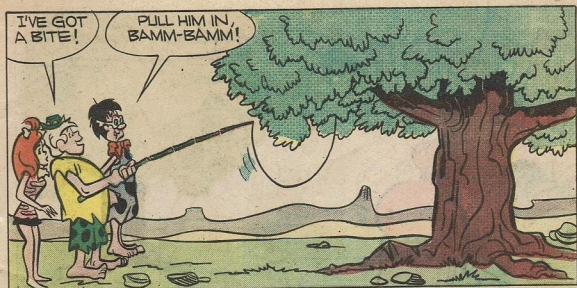


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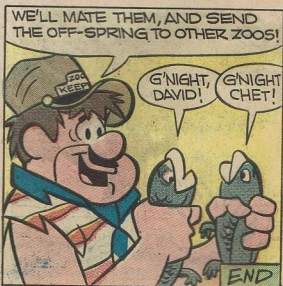
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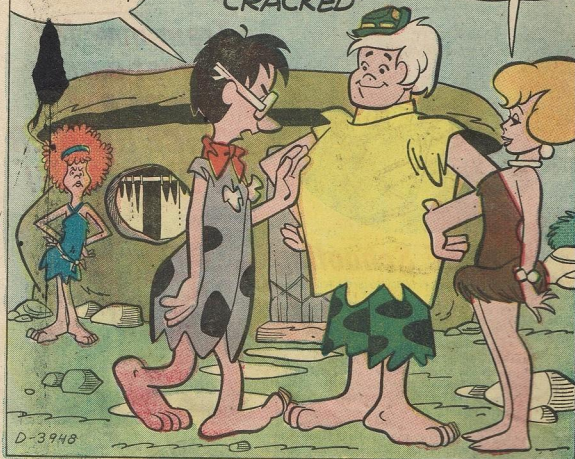




TEEN-AGE  
**PEBBLES AND  
BAMM-BAMM IN  
"CRACKED"**

THAT'S IT! NO  
MORE FOR ME!  
I'M THROUGH  
WITH GIRLS!

SOMETHING  
WRONG,  
MOONROCK?



I TRIED TO KISS  
WIGGY ROCKSTONE! AND?



YOU NEVER HEARD SUCH  
A PIERCING SCREAM!



**TEEN-AGE** **PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM** **IN**  
**"FLYING HIGH"**

WHAT IS IT,  
BAMM-BAMM?

I JUST INVENTED IT... IF  
BIRDS CAN FLY, SO  
CAN I!



DOES IT  
WORK?

I HAVEN'T TRIED IT  
YET, BUT... UH-OH!



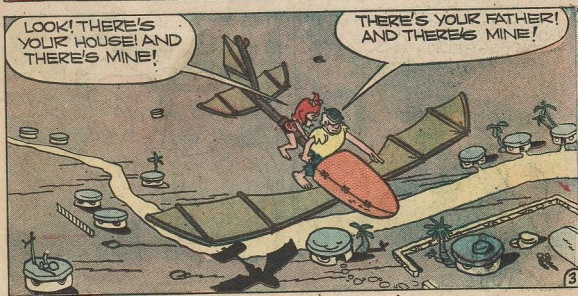
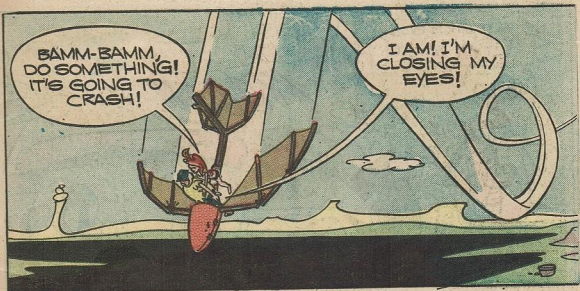
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SOMETHING TELLS ME  
WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT  
ANY SECOND!



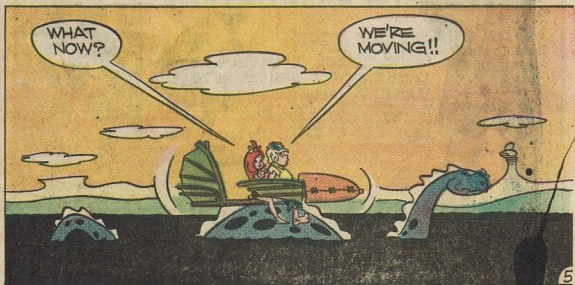




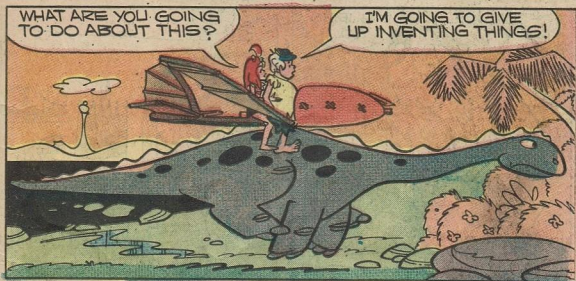
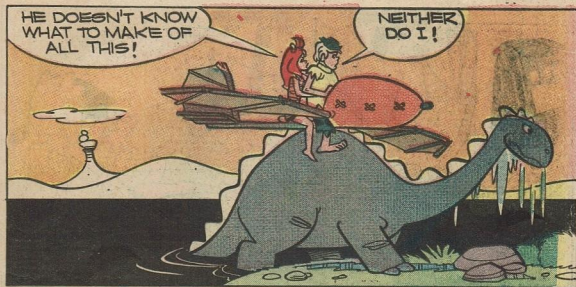








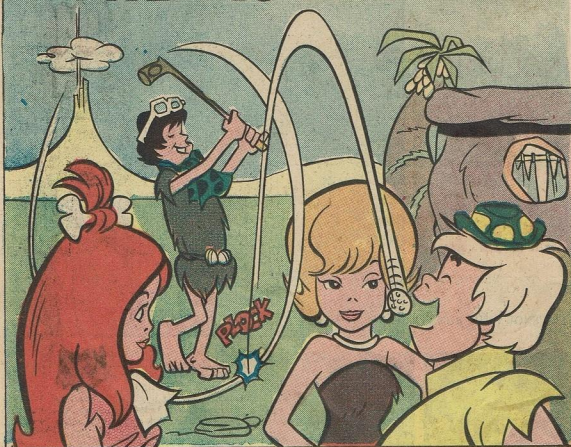
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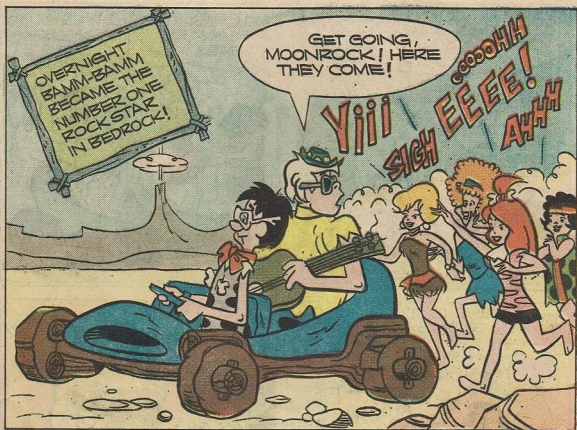
**TEEN-AGE** **PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM** IN  
**THE ROCK STAR**





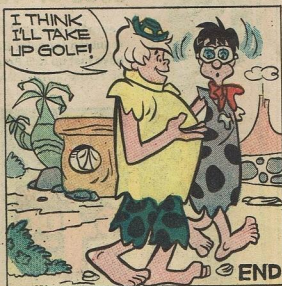
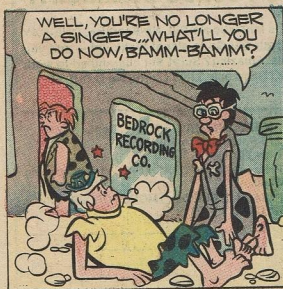
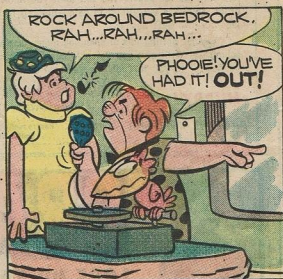






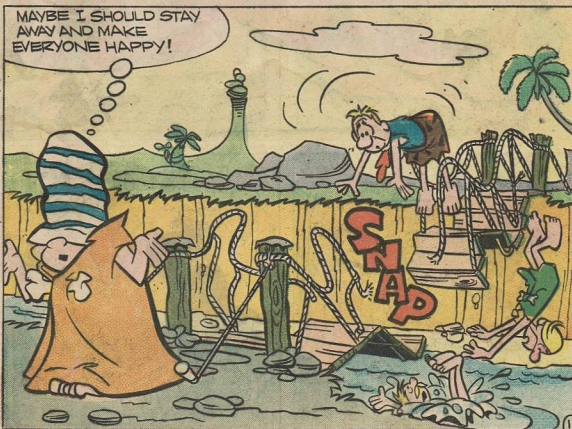
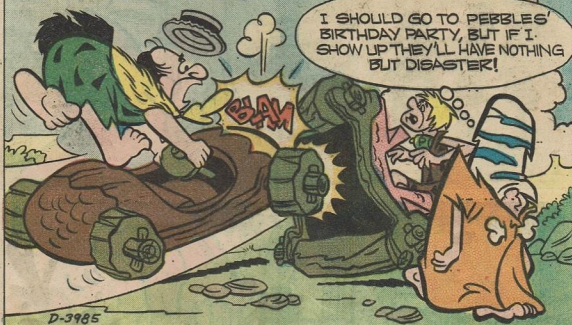


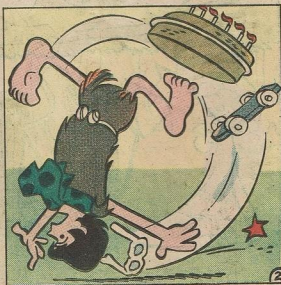
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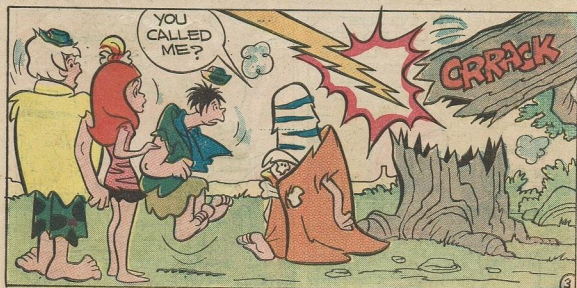




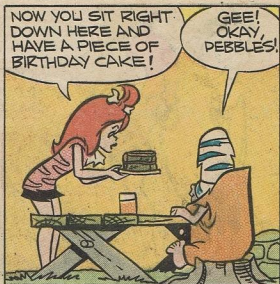
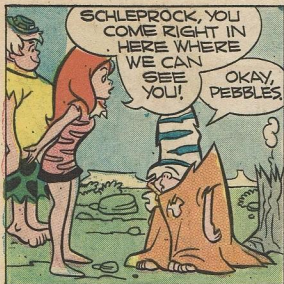
**TEEN-AGE** **PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM** IN  
"SCHLEPROCK'S DILEMA"













Polly the Pigeon was the first to arrive at the Friday morning monthly meeting of the Inhabitants of Eco Lake and its vicinity. When they had all gathered there, she mounted the Gig Rock and began the meeting.

"We are all gathered here to greet a visitor. Sniggie The Snake has asked Gippie the Gypsy Moth Caterpillar to come here. She has a complaint to make. And perhaps we have willing ears."

"Question, question," interrupted Chippy the Chipmunk. "What are willing ears? Nobody willed my ears to me. I was born with them."

"By the expression willing ears I simply mean that we are willing to listen to whatever it is that our guest has to tell us. That is all."

"My life and that of all of my relatives is being made miserable," began the Gypsy Moth Caterpillar. We are called pests. And the Department of Agriculture has declared war on us."

"Question, question," shouted Squaro the Squirrel. "We have heard no declaration of war. When Mr. Foshie goes fishing he carries a small radio with him. Helps to pass the time. I listened very attentively yesterday. Nothing about a declaration of war against you. None of us have seen planes, tanks, guns, or troops moving. And it just doesn't make sense to me. A little caterpillar like you can cause so much trouble? Will somebody explain it to me."

"I am willing to do that," said Willie the Worm. "If you will first tell me how listening to a radio can make time pass."

"You better let me take care of that problem," interrupted the powerful voice of Father Time. "There are twenty four hours in a day. In each hour there are sixty minutes. And in each minute there are sixty seconds. A normal year has 365 days in it. We have one extra day in the leap year. No human being can stop Father Time. I go on and on. Nobody can even make me pass. Time does not go quickly or slowly. Except that some creatures may think so. That human being listened to his radio. That is all. Now what was it you wanted to tell us, Willie the Worm?"

"I will tell you the truth. The bitter truth of what really is taking place with the Gypsy Moth Cater-

pillars. They are eating leaves. Lots of leaves. I saw some cherry trees that had no leaves on them. In one state alone, those caterpillars ruined more than 600,000 acres of woodland. The humans have a big word for it. They call it defoliation. Go ask any tree how he feels about it. There is our friend, the Big Oak Tree. What is your reaction to it?"

"Terrible, terrible," sighed the old tree. "My relatives all over the country are complaining. There are only two solutions to the problem. One is to use an insecticide which would kill all the caterpillars. The other is to get the caterpillars to change their diet. Must they eat leaves?"

"My great grandfather ate leaves, my grandfather ate leaves, my father ate leaves, and I his son will eat leaves. Why should I change my diet?"

"There are a lot of humans that do change their diet. Upon the advice of specialists. They do not want to get sick. Nor go to another world. The same holds true for you. The bitter truth."

"What is a bitter truth?" asked Chippy the Chipmunk. "I have tasted a lot of things in my life. Some were sweet. Some were bitter. But I never tasted truth. How can you do that?"

"Can do it," explained Totto the Turtle. "Just an expression humans use. When we must face something that isn't pleasant. I am polite. I am watching Gippie the Gypsy Moth Caterpillar. I could say that Gippie was really a Hippie Moth Caterpillar. But I am polite. I won't say it. The decision is up to the caterpillars. I will give them the following slogan to help them: Change what we eat-or drop on our feet."

"Don't misunderstand me," sighed the poor caterpillar. "I think the best thing for me to do is to call a convention of caterpillars from all over the country. We will have to take up this matter of change of diet. Suppose we were all in a woodland where the trees had no leaves. Then in order to survive we would have to find something else to eat. I think you have given me an idea. I am thankful for it."

"Meeting is adjourned," said Polly the Pigeon. "And we do all wish a lot of luck to the caterpillars. But remember how the trees feel about it. Consider them."

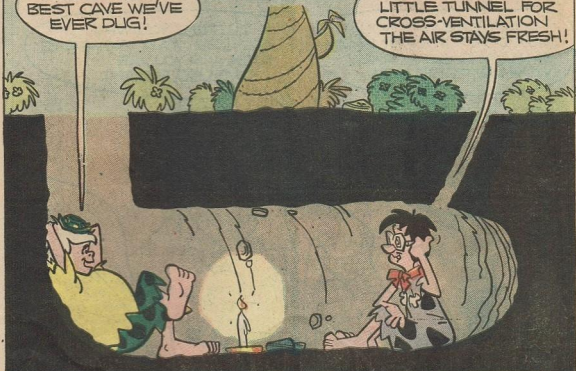
THE  
AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"SPOOKS"

THIS IS THE  
BEST CAVE WE'VE  
EVER DUG!

YEAH! WITH THIS  
LITTLE TUNNEL FOR  
CROSS-VENTILATION  
THE AIR STAYS FRESH!



LOOK! A  
GOPHER  
HOLE! LET'S  
PLUG IT UP!

SUPPOSIN' IT  
GETS MAD AND  
COMES CHARGIN'  
OUT AT US,  
BRUNO?



HA! WHO  
EVER HEARD  
OF A GOPHER  
ATTACKING  
PEOPLE?!

YOU'RE GOING TO  
BE THE FIRST,  
BRUNO!

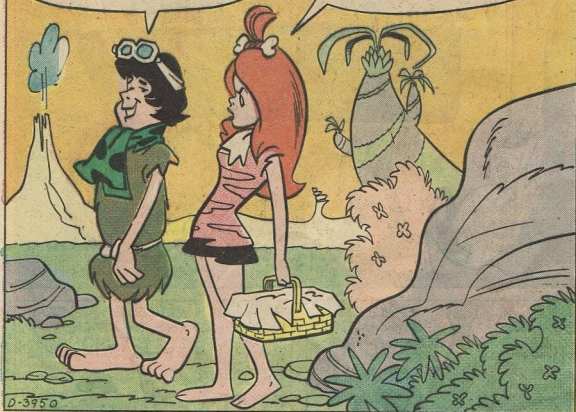




**TEEN AGE** **PEBBLES AND BAMB-BAMB** IN  
"POSH PICNIC"

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU  
JUST DON'T FORGET BAMB-  
BAMB AND GO STEADY  
WITH ME, PEBBLES!

I'LL TELL YOU WHY,,  
BECAUSE YOUR FATHER IS  
**RICH** AND YOU ARE  
**SPOILED, FABIAN!**



YOU DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO ENJOY  
THE **SIMPLE**  
THINGS IN LIFE!

I TOOK YOU  
ON THIS NICE  
PICNIC, DIDN'T  
I?



YES, AND YOU  
HAD TO SPOIL  
THAT TOO!

ONE LUMP OR  
TWO, MASTER  
FABIAN?

